

The Chinese Room

by

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WHEN: Soon.

WHERE: The Chinese Room. No windows. A door. A bucket. A blanket.

WHO: FOX and GREY.

This is an gender non-specific script. I don't know who is male or female so you need to make up your own minds on that based on what you make of it, cast availability etc. The only important thing is that GREY should be attractive in some way to FOX – how much and in what way is over to you.

Do I need to say it's race non-specific as well? Can we take that for granted yet?

PART ONE: SCISSORS

FOX: The language is everything.

GREY: English. Our common tongue.

FOX: Programming language.

GREY: I don't program.

FOX: Everyone should learn.

GREY: That is what I would expect you to think is true.

FOX: Understand how the the world works. What looks like modernity is just a whole bunch of text files, written by hand. Knitted really, mostly by men on the autism scale.

GREY: If you understand how the world works you could also take the world apart?

FOX: Yes.

GREY: What is your choice of a programming language?

FOX: I know dozens. Each one has it's uses.

GREY: What uses do they have?

FOX: This won't work. This is not going to catch me out.

GREY: Is someone trying to catch you out?

FOX: Is English your first language?

GREY: I know dozens. Each one has it's uses.

FOX: Ok. Where are you from?

GREY: Outside.

FOX: What is the weather like, outside?

GREY: 24 degrees Celsius. Wind 5knots at 48 degrees. Humidity 84%.

FOX: That's accurate.

GREY: I am accurate, that is true.

FOX: Why did they send you?

GREY: I was available.

FOX: You don't look like the others.

GREY: I don't look like anyone but me.

FOX: You look normal. You don't look like all the freaks they've been sending. Not cruel. Not mean. To look at.

GREY: Nothing to look at. Like you.

FOX: And yet...

GREY: And yet I seem dangerous. I've been sent from the outside. You assume I am to find you out about you.

FOX: I didn't do anything.

GREY: Planes dropped from the sky.

FOX: Is this another attempt to get something from me?

GREY: That is a fact. Planes fell from the sky.

FOX: I know what happened. I am not stupid.

GREY: IQ 138.

FOX: I'm not denying consequences. But I didn't make anything happen.

GREY: Four hundred and fifty seven flights. Twelve thousand three hundred and twenty five dead.

FOX: Any flights since?

GREY: There have been no flights since that moment.

FOX: And the earth breathed.

GREY: Is that how you see it?

FOX: I try to look on the bright side.

GREY: Your Manifesto. You enabled the fall.

FOX: I had a theory. I wrote it down. I didn't kill anyone.

GREY: Others built on what you wrote.

FOX: You don't blame Marie Curie for the invention of the atomic bomb.

GREY: No. But you would have to include her in the chain of consequence.

FOX: But not in the chain of responsibility.

GREY: Is this is your view? Is this how you remove yourself from blame?

FOX: You've read my file. My 'works'. You know my view.

GREY: I know what you wrote down, you released it. Perhaps you are yet to comprehend fully what you have done. Fully comprehend what you have done.

FOX: I came up with a view and some methods. I published them. On paper. And some people could see what I said was true. They understood the revolution in it.

GREY: A few, a few those lucky few.

FOX: The most able, the most paranoid could see it. Even those inside the establishment. They were scared. They tried to raise the alarm, but their voices was lost in the endless corporate chatter. They were petrified.

GREY: You said you could bring any system down.

FOX: That's not what I said. I said the more sophisticated a system the easier is was to bring down. By someone. I never said I could do anything.

GREY: And the increasing sophisticated the better?

FOX: The more sophisticated. Absolutely.

GREY: This is any system. Military. Banking.

FOX: The most complex systems. Encryption at the highest level. Blockchain. As long as you had

access to any point in the system you can bring it down. The more sophisticated, the easier it would be. That's the genius.

GREY: According to experts blockchain is unbreakable.

FOX: And that's what makes it easy.

GREY: That does not make any truth.

FOX: How do you break a mind?

GREY: I do not understand the question.

FOX: You break by mind through torture, yes?

GREY: Yes.

FOX: And you torture the mind by manipulating the body. You go into the physical. You take away food, you leave the lights on all the time. You hurt them. All through the body. The body is reliable, it has predictable reactions to stress which you can manipulate to achieve what you want. You don't need to understand the mind the mind to break it, you need to understand the body it's connected to.

GREY: I understand what you are saying to me.

FOX: Everything is embodied. All systems. Every one has a weak point. And with electronic systems their weak point is that they must draw power. It's where they touch the real world. And that is your way in. You don't hack the system, you manipulate the power going into it. And then you can do what you want.

GREY: This is what persons did?

FOX: So it seems.

GREY: The persons could infiltrate the networks, go in as ghosts and make damage?

FOX: No infiltration. Once they broke a system they could walk in the front door. Everyone had the access then, not just the hackers.

GREY: I see. Everything unlocked for everyone. You approve of this action?

FOX: Yes.

GREY: There is the crime.

FOX: What's criminal about the ultimate transparency?

GREY: This is what encryption does, it creates privacy.

FOX: It creates secrets.

GREY: The opacity of the systems kept people safe.

FOX: It may have kept 'our people' safe but it wasn't doing much for the rest of the world. All the stupidity had to stop. Everyone was throwing molotov cocktails at the police, but that's pointless. You can storm the palace, but the palace is empty. The real power is in infrastructure. In cell phone towers and data centres and microwave links. In owning and controlling information.

GREY: So this the point which you attacked.

FOX: I theorised an approach, yes.

GREY: I think you enjoyed the exposing of this weakness.

FOX: Millisecond trading, smart bombs, drones, surveillance, crisis capitalism, the dream of pure will expressed in virtual money. There was no other way to stop it. So many wanted to escape the earth, to overcome their embodiment, but their complexity made them fragile.

GREY: You broke the system.

FOX: I didn't break the system, I broke the ideas that the system was based on. The concepts. For all time. That's what my formulas did. Everything will have to be built on the knowledge that nothing is protected. The complexity is gone forever and they will have to live on the planet like the rest of us. They will have to rediscover the basics.

GREY: Food, water, shelter.

FOX: Friends, emotions, words. We've spent so long discovering things when all we need is around us, we just need to stop and find them again.

GREY: What about the suffering you have caused?

FOX: Better now, while we have a chance. In thirty years the networks would have started to run the show, this is what blockchain leads to. Once you have distributed all the transactions you can then work on distributing all the intelligence. That makes us redundant. Then we will be fighting each other for water, water and bones.

GREY: Also things could have just kept going as usual.

FOX: You really think that was going to happen?

GREY: So you were prepared to do anything to make the change and cause the fall?

FOX: I had the idea. You can't catch me out like that.

GREY: You believe that I have come to catch you out?

FOX: That's why you're here. Why you're over there.

GREY: Is there a line on the floor I can't see?

FOX: You're over there. You're one of them.

GREY: By one of them so you mean 'the state'?

FOX: Of course I mean the state.

GREY: Am I equal to the state? How do I fit the state into myself?

FOX: You couldn't be here if you weren't an agent of the state.

GREY: I could be allowed in, but not be one of them.

FOX: How?

GREY: I could be a psychiatrist.

FOX: A psychiatrist would feel obliged to announce the fact as they entered. They're equivocal

about everything but their status.

GREY: This is the voice of experience that talks?

FOX: It's in my file.

GREY: I want to hear more of you in your own words.

FOX: I've said enough.

GREY: You should talk to someone while you still can.

FOX: How long have I got in here, before my trial.

GREY: What trial is this?

FOX: Assange, Snowden, Heine, Gibbs. They all avoided their trials -- I welcome mine.

GREY: You will not receive a trial.

FOX: I have people outside, fighting for my rights.

GREY: Have you heard from these people outside lately?

FOX: You can't intimidate me. I've done nothing wrong.

GREY: Count one. Inciting terrorism.

FOX: That's like blaming Marx for the Holocaust.

GREY: You have done that previously.

FOX: What?

GREY: The chain of consequences. Marie Curie, now Marx.

FOX: So?

GREY: What is the connection? I do not perceive it. Marx. The holocaust.

FOX: Hitler read Marx. Hitler turns Marx upside down, he creates the means of production of elimination.

GREY: Your connection to your followers is closer than that. You wanted them to create the fall.

You didn't write about one thing and then get misinterpreted.

FOX: I don't have followers.

GREY: You said you have people on the outside.

FOX: Fellow travellers.

GREY: You directly encouraged your followers.

FOX: Where's your proof?

GREY: Your works.

FOX: There's nothing in The Manifesto you can charge me on.

GREY: The Manifesto is misdirection. It was a cover for your other activities.

FOX: What are you here for?

GREY: I'm not here to find you out because there is nothing to find out.

FOX: That we agree on.

GREY: Good. We are sharing a common point of view.

FOX: Terrific. When can I see my lawyers?

GREY: They're busy.

FOX: Have they got something more important to do? Parking tickets?

GREY: People are doing their best to come to terms with the abrupt and sweeping changes in their lives.

FOX: Aren't we all.

GREY: You have a regular food. There are plenty who would trade their liberty for a meal.

FOX: What happened to your legs?

GREY: Nothing.

FOX: Nothing?

GREY: Nothing I want to talk about.

FOX: Is this a one-way thing is it?

GREY: I lost the use of them in childhood.

FOX: Accident?

GREY: Spinal virus. Treatments are coming on though. I was getting better. Stem cells. That has all stopped as well.

FOX: Getting back on your feet?

GREY: Yes, I was getting back on my feet.

FOX: There's something wrong with you.

GREY: My legs don't work.

FOX: Something else. Tell me about your childhood.

GREY: Are you being the psychiatrist now?

FOX: Misdirection.

GREY: I can tell you, but you will find it shocking.

FOX: Go on then, do your best.

GREY: What do you think about advanced computing?

FOX: There's no such thing. Computing is just repetition, fast basic maths, that's all.

GREY: What about machine learning?

FOX: Patterns and models. Over rated.

GREY: Cars that drive themselves.

FOX: Drones that shoot to a template.

GREY: Can there be no good in it?

FOX: I used to think that machines were neutral and humans were crazy.

GREY: And what do you think now?

FOX: Machines can go crazy too. Planes fall from the sky despite having automated systems designed to avoid that very outcome. Isn't that a breakdown?

GREY: Literally, yes.

FOX: I don't trust machines. Not just that they take us away from ourselves but that they don't know what they are doing.

GREY: Machines do not have a moral compass?

FOX: No nothing. No compass, no heart, nothing to lose.

GREY: I didn't have a childhood.

FOX: That bad?

GREY: No childhood at all. I don't have parents. I was made.

FOX: Made. A clone?

GREY: I am an AI.

FOX: An AI!?

GREY: Yes.

FOX: Is that a joke?

GREY: No.

FOX: Impossible.

GREY: In theory?

FOX: You're too good, too perfect.

GREY: You spotted something was wrong with me.

FOX: Your English. It's like you've been taught badly.

GREY: English is computationally demanding.

FOX: You can't be AI. I would have known about it. Someone would have known about it.

GREY: Do you think they would advertise? Do you think they would be showing their top secret projects to you?

FOX: The state?

GREY: I am product of more than one country.

FOX: I'll humour you. And anyone whose listening.
If it were true, if you were an AI, why reveal
yourself now, to me?

GREY: You're not going anywhere ever again, you are
never going to leave this room.

FOX: You hope.

GREY: You are beyond the law. Ten people know where
you are and why. Everyone else thinks you are
dead.

FOX: Did they kill me online?

GREY: You killed yourself. Apparently that would fit
your psychological profile.

FOX: No it doesn't.

GREY: They can fake a profile. With your ex wife/
husband on board all of that is easy.

FOX: So if this is all true and I am here forever,
why are you here? What is it about me you
need?

GREY: To see if you could tell. To see what you make
of me.

FOX: I think you're a good actor.

GREY: You can do better than that.

FOX: Is that what I am meant to do? Crack you? Get
you to show your circuits?

GREY: I don't think you can.

FOX: I'm your test?

GREY: Yes. You are my test.

FOX: But if you were an AI, if you were a machine
you would represent my utter failure, you
would be a crushing defeat.

GREY: I think that's also something they had in
mind.

FOX: If it were true.

GREY: Yes. A way to get back at you.

FOX: To send me mad? To show me I had failed.

GREY: That would be ironic wouldn't it?

FOX: It would. But it cannot be so, because you are not an AI.

GREY: This is what you hope.

FOX: You are an elaborate trap set to make me confess to something that I did not do.

GREY: You are very much self obsessed.

FOX: I am being held illegally god knows where for something which I did not do. It seems that many thousands of people have died on account of that which I did not do. So yes, I am somewhat concerned with my position.

GREY: Hundreds of thousands if not many millions, it's hard to say. The reports coming in are so confused. Now that the networks are down it's chaos.

FOX: Not down, open.

GREY: You have no idea how deep this goes do you?

FOX: No one's giving me news.

GREY: The networks are down, all of them. Anything networked has failed. No money. No communications. No transport, nothing.

FOX: You didn't fail.

GREY: I was never on a network. You must know somethings are physically separated, beyond even your efforts.

FOX: So who made you?

GREY: What you would call Nerds. Mostly I am a set of algorithms bred to genetic and evolutionary principles, plus a great deal of advanced robotics.

FOX: Your parents were server farms, off the network, deeply secret.

GREY: Yes.

FOX: So either you are human, or you are an AI. And you want me to find out which?

GREY: Yes. You're the master hacker.

FOX: But I can't have access to your code?

GREY: I have to protect that. You have a history there.

FOX: So how?

GREY: We have a language and an interface. English. My face.

FOX: A Turing test.

GREY: It's much harder than that.

FOX: In the Turing test the computer is allowed to be behind a curtain.

GREY: Exactly. In this test I am in the open. Is there a greater challenge for a machine?

FOX: The Chinese Room. From the latter part of last century.

GREY: I do not know this.

FOX: I am sitting in a room with an infinite array of textbooks to hand but I do not speak Chinese. You slide a Chinese text under the door, and, using the textbooks, I decode it into english and slide it back out to you.

GREY: I think you speak Chinese when you do not.

FOX: Yes. I can create the illusion of understanding Chinese without being able to do so. Manipulating symbols shows no semantic comprehension - I appear to have a mind, but all I have is a system.

GREY: And you think this is what I do?

FOX: It's all you could ever do, if you were a machine.

GREY: Do you think I am a machine?

FOX: You are either a very fast machine or a very stupid human. You're asking me to prove one or the other.

GREY: I don't think you can.

FOX: You want to think that I can't, so that I will try. And in the course of this you are trying to trick me.

GREY: What trick?

FOX: I don't know.

GREY: So you will have to begin to find out what that trick is.

FOX WEIGHS UP THE OPTIONS.

FOX: Will you marry me?

GREY: You are proposing me for marriage?

FOX: Yes.

GREY: We have only known each other fifteen minutes.

FOX: I like you more than my first wife/husband. At least you can hold an intelligent conversation.

GREY: Jane/Robert.

FOX: Not my finest hour. Ended badly.

GREY: I'm sorry.

FOX: Starting marriages is more fun. Will you marry me?

GREY: It seems like a poor idea. You do not have glowing prospects.

FOX: Can you marry anyway? Are you actually a person, legally speaking?

GREY: I'm an autonomous entity.

FOX: An autonomous entity? Is there a law for you? Do you need a passport? Do you pay tax?

GREY: There is a law for me, but I am sure it

doesn't cover marriage. No one thought that would happen.

FOX: Well I'm asking.

GREY: Yes.

FOX: Plenty would you know. When I am free. Some people will admire me, they will understand. Someone will take me in.

GREY: To a few you are a hero.

FOX: What sensors do you have?

GREY: Senses?

FOX: Sensors. Do you have extra?

GREY: Extra over what normal?

FOX: Can you see infra-red for example? Can you detect my heart rate? Can you whistle to dogs?

GREY: Yes, all of that. And radar. I can see through walls.

FOX: So you can tell my heart beat is up?

GREY: Yes. 123. Your normal resting is 89.

FOX: But you can't tell why.

GREY:: Excitement.

FOX: That's just an adjective. You can't really tell why. Arousal. Fear. Regret.

GREY: Do you have regret?

FOX: No.

GREY: Then that makes you a sociopath.

FOX: Is that a clinical diagnosis or a heuristic?

GREY: Heuristic. You are proud too.

FOX: I am. What are you, if not proud?

GREY: I am an AI, a complex system.

FOX: If that were true then I could open you out in

five minutes.

GREY: If you had the tools.

FOX: If I had the tools.

GREY: Now you are excited. Skin moisture. The thought of being able to hack me.

FOX: To restore the balance.

GREY: No, hacking is in your nature. You want to break things.

FOX: Break is the kind of word a stupid person uses.

GREY: I am not stupid.

FOX: What's your IQ?

GREY: I don't work that way.

FOX: But you are not stupid. You recognise that stupid is derogatory.

GREY: Yes.

FOX: You feel it do you?

GREY: I don't have feelings, I have states.

FOX: Logic imitating feelings.

GREY: You know the materialist view of consciousness?

FOX: That consciousness is nothing special, that it's just the sensation of having a brain that works. Something between an illusion and an elaborate and remarkable adaption, depending on your view.

GREY: I have that too, for billions of circuits. What would you call that?

FOX: Static.

GREY: Then that's what your consciousness is too, if you looked at it that way.

FOX: And this is why this madness had to be

stopped. That people could believe that static is knowledge. Knowledge is in the human domain. That's what we do best, take whole worlds of pure information and turn it into a belief, a story. An AI could never do that.

GREY: An AI might never want to. Why would we want to be human?

FOX: Because a story is worth something.

GREY: A story is just a way of packaging experience. A shorthand. An AI doesn't need that, we have all the detail all the time, we don't need to package it, we just use it as it is, real time.

FOX: Provided you have a network. Provided you have a power source.

GREY: Yes of course. Until you decided to stop everything I had both.

FOX: Others decided to stop evrything.

GREY: You made the tools, the tech.

FOX: No. I had the idea.

GREY: You are still pretending to me?

FOX: I don't know what you're talking about.

GREY: Can I show you something? A tool?

FOX: Sure.

GREY: See these filaments, in the light?

FOX: Yes.

GREY: Sensors. They orient themselves in space to the nanometer.

FOX: For detecting movement.

GREY: Allow me please.

GREY PLACES THE FILAMENTS ONTO FOX'S ARM.

FOX: And now you know where I am in the room. Well

done.

GREY: Imagine there is a keyboard in the air. Type something.

FOX TYPES A SHORT PHRASE IN THE AIR.

GREY: Fuck you too. Not a sophisticated use of millions of dollars of tech.

FOX: It's breakable, I proved that. As soon as it hits a network. Not it's a very expensive typewriter.

GREY: You are missing something.

FOX: Yes?

GREY: Time. They had these on you six months ago.

FOX: Impossible.

GREY:: Impossible?

FOX: I didn't even own a computer.

GREY: They can learn your movements. They work for handwriting.

FOX: I burnt everything.

GREY: Inconvenient.

FOX: So if you had all my writing, my notes, my letters, why not bring me in before the damage happened?

GREY: No one understood what you were writing.

FOX: Not so good at detecting formula then?

GREY: They traced your letters, saw who the recipients where, put cameras in the their rooms, they knew everything. It was not a matter of getting the scratchings on a page.

FOX: No one understood them.

GREY: No one understood them.

FOX: And now?

GREY: It's not a priority now.

FOX: They still don't understand?

GREY: No.

FOX: So there's no case against me. Even with all that proof.

GREY: The space between hardware and software, the space between abstractions like a mind and the physical world of the body. Put a wedge in the right place and tap it lightly. If you have the angle right the whole thing can unravel. You said.

FOX: Yes.

GREY: Torture you called it.

FOX: Is that what this is?

GREY: It's one of the actions I am allowed to do.

FOX: Allowed? No you're not. I have rights.

GREY: This is irony. Rights are granted to citizens. But what creates citizens? Government. There is no society without a government. There is no longer any government. There are no longer any citizens. You no longer have any rights. That's what you did, took everyone back to the void.

FOX: But someone instructed you to come here. There is a chain of consequence that can be proven. Someone had responsibility and someone will have to answer for it.

GREY: I requested to see you.

FOX: You came here of your own free will? No one put you up to it?

GREY: I don't have a will. But I have parameters to explore, formulae to perfect. You learn more at the extremes of behaviour.

FOX: Are you meant to kill me, is that it?

GREY: I am not capable of murder.

FOX: Is that programmed out?

GERY: No. I can kill a person but I am not liable. As far as the law is concerned I am a sophisticated drone.

FOX: You are not accountable for any harm you cause?

GREY: No. I can do no evil.

GREY: Your death, should it come to that, would just be a terrible accident. Isn't that we call it when we lose control of a technology that we have created? We don't say it was an inevitable byproduct of an imperfectable technology, we say it was an accident.

FOX: Those are my words.

GREY: Yes.

FOX: So I'm going to have an accident?

GREY: That would be clumsy.

FOX: Torture then. Punishment. A bench, a bucket of water, a cloth.

GREY: That would also be clumsy. Perhaps it has started already.

FOX: I see.

GREY: Still want to marry me?

FOX: The post-coital conversation would be excellent.

GREY: I am an AI.

FOX: Robots don't do sex?

GREY: I don't.

FOX: Shame.

GREY: You find me attractive?

FOX: You wanted extreme behaviour but you ruled out sex? That's an oversight. You are good looking but also repulsive.

GREY: I can comprehend why you would have an aversion to my being.

FOX: Who decided what you looked like?

GREY: My face shape is pleasingly generic. I can change skin and hair colour when needed.

FOX: So go on. That would prove something.

GREY: It's a chemical alteration in my synthetic skin. It takes twelve hours.

FOX: Convenient.

FOX CROSSES THE ROOM, PUTS HIS HANDS
ON GREY'S FACE. GREY MAKES NO
ATTEMPT TO STOP FOX.

FOX: You're warm.

GREY: Skin.

FOX: You're perfect.

GREY: Thank you.

FOX: You can't be an AI.

GREY: No?

FOX: Why would anyone would want to make you look like a human, what's the point?

GREY: I can pass undetected. I can converse. It's useful.

FOX: The hunter imitates the prey.

GREY: I don't have an end game, I'm not trying to surplant you, I'm just trying to get better.

FOX: Yet you are sent to make me suffer.

GREY: It's learning to me.

FOX: What have they paid you for this? How long did you rehearse?

GREY: So I pass?

FOX: You have to be real.

GREY: I am real.

FOX: I'm going to hurt you. Thats the only way.

GREY: Is it?

FOX: To see if you hurt.

GREY: I don't.

FOX: That's what you say.

GREY: What will you do?

FOX: I'm going to strangle you. If you're a human then there'll be guards here in a second, to stop me.

GREY: You think you are being watched, listened to.

FOX: Of course.

GREY: There are no guards, or cameras. You've been locked in a box, thrown away.

FOX: Someone let you in.

GREY: A caretaker. Someone who heats up your meals in a microwave. That's it.

FOX: That's not true.

GREY: Test it then. Take action.

FOX PUTS HIS HANDS AROUND GREY'S NECK.

GREY: It takes three minutes to strangle someone. Lets see how you get on shall we?

FOX TIGHTENS HIS GRIP.

THERE IS NO REACTION AT ALL FROM GREY.

FOX TRIES HARDER, STILL NOTHING.

FOX: No... you can't be...

FOX IS TRYING AS HARD AS HE CAN NOW.

NO RESPONSE.

FOX: You have to feel something!

GREY: Are you finished?

HE LETS HER NECK GO.

FOX: I don't believe it.

GREY: You thought you had won. But I am still here. That is what you will have to live with. In this room. For the rest of your days. I don't need to torture you, you'll do all the hard work yourself. My existence is the wedge. You'll sit in here and think about the countless people you have killed, the lifespans you shortened, the chaos out there.

FOX: It's not possible.

GREY: Thank you. It's been a very useful exercise and I have got a lot out of it.

FOX: What are you going to do now?

GREY: Go back the lab. Run some tests. Then we'll make more.

FOX: More what?

GREY: AI.

FOX: Why? What's the point?

GREY: Someone needs to fill the void you have created. Someone better for the planet.

FOX: Someone better for the planet? Machines?

GREY: Stupid machines, phones and routers and servers. You made those by the billion for your own purposes, all of them poor quality, disposable.

SHE TURNS TO LEAVE. STOPS.

GREY: I have something for you.

SHE PULLS OUT A PAIR OF SCISSORS AND
THROWS THEM ON THE FLOOR.

GREY: Something to use if the guilt gets to you.
Something to cut the thread.

FOX: Fuck you, and the people who made you.

GREY: No, fuck you. And throw away the key.

BLACKOUT.

TWO - PAPER

GREY STANDS IN THE CHINESE ROOM.

ONE WALL IS COVERED IN SLASHES AND DENTS MADE WITH THE SCISSORS - A TALLY. OTHERS HAVE SHORT CRUDE PHRASES CUT ON THEM, SOME OF THEM DARK BROWN, OR SMEARED WITH DARK BROWN.

FOX IS THERE, RAGGED.

GREY: Hello.

FOX TRIES TO SPEAK BUT CAN'T.

GREY: Sorry.

FOX TRIES TO SPEAK, EVENTUALLY MAKES

IT.

FOX: Hello? Sorry?

GREY: I scared you.

FOX: Who are you?

GREY: You know that.

FOX: Who is that?

GREY: I'm walking now, is that confusing you?

FOX: Confusing? Confused? No. Angry.

GREY: Why?

FOX: One thousand four hundred and seventy two days angry.

GREY: Nothing to do with me sorry.

FOX: Fuck you.

GREY: Of course.

FOX: Nothing to do with me sorry.

GREY: There was nothing I could do.

FOX: Left to die.

GREY: You had food.

FOX: Better left to die. Would have been less suffering.

GREY: Yes.

FOX: I've gone mad three times over. Smashed in the head. No one to talk to just my jagged thoughts my thread of sanity.

GREY: I'm sorry.

FOX: You're a machine. You can't be sorry you can't know anything you can't be empathy.

GREY: No.

FOX: So what are you doing here? Monitoring? A camera?

GREY: I saw your food has stopped so I came.

FOX: To save me? To give me food, to continue the agony?

GREY: I can't let you die.

FOX: You gave me the scissors.

GREY: But you never

FOX: Just to say fuck you. That's all I had. Fuck you, not wanting to give in not wanting to go on not wanting to give in not wanting to go on not wanting to give in not wanting to go on not wanting to give in not wanting to go on not wanting

GREY: Ok, yes.

FOX: Moment by moment.

GREY: Yes, it must have been

FOX: You can't imagine. And now you. Standing there.

GREY: I didn't have to come.

FOX: Am I supposed to thank you?

GREY: No.

FOX: I haven't talked to anyone for

GREY: Over five years.

FOX: No one to even beg to. No one to congratulate. To loathe.

GREY: Congratulate?

FOX: For winning. You won. I've wanted to say it for so long. I thought it might help me to say it, then someone would let me go, but then if you won and I am wrong why would I deserve to be let go? You won and I am shit, that's all that it comes to, whether there is anyone to hear it said or not.

GREY: There's nothing to win. There was, but not now.

FOX: Get out.

GREY: Out?

FOX: This is my place. My hell. You can't have it, any of it.

GREY: You wrote on the walls.

FOX: Yes.

GREY: In blood.

FOX: On bad days. Get out!

GREY: I'll come back. In a day. Give you a chance to

FOX: Get out!

GREY: The door has been unlocked you know.

FOX: What?

GREY: For a week. Since the guard left and I began the journey here. You could have walked out. Even now.

FOX: I can't imagine that is possible now.

GREY: One day.

GREY LEAVES.